scarlet and purple and gold over Oregon pine
and corrugated iron, and she has to do it herself
for hardly a soul tries to help her. Be you so kind
as but to drop a seed and forget it, she makes of it
a flower. Do you build a fence, she transforms it
into a hedge. And day and night no power that
men have yet discovered can tame or eliminate
her sunrises and sunsets.

A friend of mine, a young and struggling author,
recently sent home articles and photographs of
Tahiti. His agent submitted his stuff to the
magazines, and wrote to ,hiin of the result. In
effect he said : " They say you write well and can
easily market your goods. But if you photograph,
your pictures must show no sign of a telegraph
pole or a motor-car, and if you write you must not
abuse that conception of a real South Sea island
which recent writers have done so much to inscribe
on the public mind and which the

public wants/'
He shewed me that letter, and hence in part this
book. That is the way a mock has been made of
the Tahiti that I love. In these articles I will tell
you of the true Tahiti which I hope you will never
visit. I sha.ll not tell you of the ' native
"market,